

Adams and Liberty,

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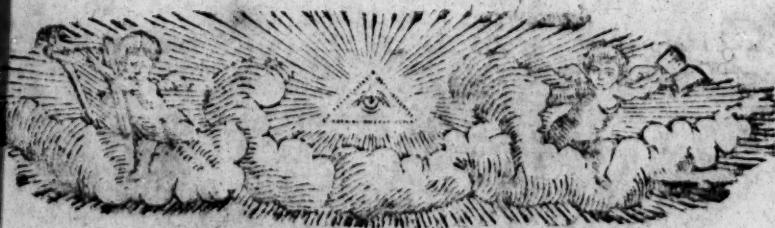
A N E W

TRIOTIC SONG.

WRITTEN BY

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OF BOSTON.



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TUNE.—*Anacreon in Heaven.*

YE Sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought,
For those rights, which unstain'd from your Sires had
descended,
May you long taste the blessings your valour has bought,
And your sons reap the soil, which your fathers defended.

Mid the reign of mild peace,

May your nation encrease,

With the glory of Rome, and the wisdom of Greece;
And ne'er may the sons of COLUMBIA be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

II.

In a clime, whose rich vales feed the marts of the world,
Whose shores are unshaken by *Europe's* commotion,
The *Trident* of commerce should never be hurl'd,
To incense the *legitimate* powers of the ocean.

But should *Pirates* invade,
Though in thunder array'd,
Let your *cannon* declare the *free charter* of **TRADE**.

For ne'er shall the sons of COLUMBIA be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

III.

The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway,
Had justly ennobled our nation in story,
Till the dark clouds of *Faction* obscur'd our young day,
And envelop'd the sun of American glory.

But let **TRAITORS** be told,
Who their *Country* have sold,
And barter'd their *God*, for his *image* in *gold*—
That ne'er will the sons of COLUMBIA be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

IV.

Whi'e FRANCE her huge limbs bathes recumbent in *blood*,
And society's base threats with wide dissolution ;
May Peace, like the *Dove*, who return'd from the flood,
Find an *Ark* of abode in our mild CONSTITUTION !

But though Peace is our aim,

Yet the boon we disclaim,

If bought by our Sov'reignty, Justice or Fame,

For ne'er shall the sons of COLUMBIA be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

V

Tis the fire of the *flint*, each American warms;

Let Rome's haughty visitors beware of collision!

Let them bring all the vassals of *Europe* in arms,

We're a WORLD by ourselves, and disdain a *division*!

While; with patriot pride,

To our Laws we're allied,

No foe can subdue us—no faction divide.

For ne'er shall the sons of COLUMBIA be slaves,

While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

VI.

Our mountains are crown'd with imperial oak,
Whose roots, like our liberties, ages have nourish'd ;
But long ere our nation submits to the yoke,
Not a tree shall be left on the field where it flourish'd.
Should invasion impend,
Every grove would descend
From the hill-tops they shaded, our shores to defend.
For ne'er shall the sons of COLUMBIA be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves,

VII.

Let our Patriots destroy Anarch's pestilent worm,
Lest our Liberty's growth should be check'd by corrosion.
Then let clouds thicken round us, we heed not the storm;
Our realm fears no shock, but the earth's own explosion.
Foes assail us in vain,
Though their Fleets bridge the main,
For our altars and laws with our lives we'll maintain!
And ne'er shall the sons of COLUMBIA be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

VIII.

ould the Tempest of War overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's *temple* asunder;
r, unmov'd, at its *portal*, would WASHINGTON stand,
d repulse, with his BREAST, the assaults of the THUNDER
His fword from the sleep,
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct; with its point, every flash to the deep.
ne'er. shall the sons of COLUMBIA be slaves
le the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

IX.

Fame to the world found AMERICA's voice.
Intrigue can her sons from their GOVERNMENT sever!
Pride is her ADAMS—his Laws are her Choice,
shall flourish, till LIBERTY slumber forever!
Then unite, heart and hand,
Like Leonidas' band,
And swear to the God of the ocean and land,
ne'er shall the sons of COLUMBIA be slaves,
the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.



